FATE and a FOOZLER

By MARGARET MUZZEY

All during July Whitney progressed in Mildred Mason's favor with the approval of her small brother, Tom, a consideration by no means to be despised, when the curate of St. Jude's appeared on the scene and spoiled it all. The first intimation of change in the usual order of events came when Mildred refused to play golf on Sunday.

"When a person can play all the week," she said, "I think he ought to make a difference on Sunday."

"But it is my only opportunity to be with you, and I spend my week down here for that sole purpose," pleaded Whitney. "I cannot understand your sudden access of conscience."

Mildred looked offended, and Whitney was about to apologize when Tom slipped a hand through his arm.

"Come and go around with me, Mr. Whitney. Mildred is a little morbid just now, but it won't last," and as they walked away together Tom explained. "It is that curate chap—he came out here last Monday and spent the week—the women are crazy about him. Heaven knows what there is about a man that buttons behind, but girls always go down before it like ninepins."

"Was he especially attentive to any one?" Whitney's voice shook.

"Stuck to Milly like a barnacle to a lamppost. I thought when she made him play golf she'd break away. He's enough to make angels bawl."

"Did you say she was pleased with"—

"Couldn't drive six feet—made eleven holes and six foozles to the first one, then"—

"But do you think she enjoyed"—

"Then putted out in five. What do you think of that?"

"It was a hideously excruciating, reeling spectacle! Did Miss Mildred appear interested in"—

"He drove four balls into the brook and instead of cussing like a gentleman said, 'Dear me, what an exasperating game!'"

It was no use trying to get any satisfaction from Tom. He talked of nothing but the curate's foozles and falls, and the only information Whitney gained was that the parson intended to go to Winkliff every week during the remainder of the summer.

The next Saturday Whitney found Mildred more than ever ensnared by the curate. She not only refused to play golf Sunday, but read a book called "Narrow Paths" all the evening. Tom walked to the station with Mr. Whitney Monday morning and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Get rid of the foozling parson," said Whitney. "He uses his irons like a gravedigger, and he has lost three of my new celebrated pneumatics."

"I wish he was a missionary," sighed Tom.

"In the cannibal islands," added Whitney.

The following Friday Whitney received a postal card with these words: "Plot thickens. Take a vacation. Tom."

Whitney, panic stricken, went to Winkliff on the next train. He found Tom on the ninth green about to try a difficult stroke, and, laying hands suddenly upon him, asked breathlessly:

"What did you mean by that postal card?"

"Lucky you didn't grab till I had made that put. I might have jiu jitsued you," said Tom. "Let's see," counting on his fingers, "four to the brook, one on to the green; that is"—

"Answer my question." Whitney shook him roughly.

"Two puts in seven. Oh, that was not a threat. Thought you better be on the spot. Here comes the foozling perpetrator now."

After introducing the curate, Tom inquired anxiously:

"How is your head today, Mr. Seton?"

"All right when I am up and about, thank you." Turning to Whitney: "I have suffered from the most peculiar symptoms lately. When I lie down at night I have a rumbling sound in my head that prevents my sleeping."

"How do you account for it?" asked Whitney.

"It's the beastly dampness," Tom replied. "A man here last summer was ill with exactly your symptoms and the doctor told him if he didn't go away from the lake quick he would be a raving maniac."

The curate turned pale.

"Dear me, I should hate to leave this delightful place, but I cannot run such a risk as that."

By August so many boarders arrived that the landlady turned the boys and bachelors into the "Anne," a small cottage divided into bedrooms by thin wooden partitions, and the curate, Mr. Whitney and Tom were relegated to these quarters, Tom's room being between the other two.

Whitney passed the time playing golf with Tom, who was singularly unlike himself. Instead of being indefatigable and bubbling over with spirits, he was languid and dull. He said the bare possibility of having a foozler enter his family reduced his nervous system to a pulp.

"What on earth did you bring me here for?" asked Whitney. "I can't see anything of your sister without that everlasting parson."

"She will be tired of his symptoms before long," said Tom.

"She appears to be in love with him and his symptoms."

"She has some notion about a life of usefulness as a parson's wife. She'll drop it once he has gone."

"Catch him going," Whitney groaned.

"I have hopes," said Tom.

That night Whitney lay awake with an aching tooth. He heard the curate's bed creak as the poor fellow tossed restlessly. "Roller skating in his head," thought Whitney. Then he heard Seton pacing back and forth. Presently he appeared to try sleeping again and gave forth a gentle snore. Suddenly he sprang out of bed, threw open his door, rushed madly through the hall and down the stairs. Whitney, alarmed, chased after him. Reaching the garden, he was horrified to see Seton making a full tilt straight for the lake. Whitney picked up an apple and threw it, hitting Seton in the small of the back. He stopped and turned slowly around. His pursuer was upon him in an instant and, grappling the astonished cleric, threw and held him down.

"Help! Murder!" he yelled.

"Shut up," said Whitney. "I've saved your life."

"Why, it is Mr. Whitney. What do you mean?"

A young surgeon camping near the shore heard the cries and, seizing his emergency outfit, ran to the spot.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"It is the curate; he was just going to drown himself."

"Dear me," said Seton. "I was just going to take a plunge."

"At this hour!" sneered Whitney.

"You doubt my word?"

The curate's blood was up; he fought and struggled vigorously. It took both men to handle him, but they got him down again. Whitney sat on him; the doctor took out his chloroform can, saturated a handkerchief and held it over Seton's face until he was unconscious.

As they lifted him to carry him in something dropped. It was a bath towel. The curate had knotted it around his waist.

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Whitney. "Do you suppose he really was only going in swimming?"

"Looks confoundedly like it," said the doctor grimly.

As they passed Tom's door he looked out, and, seeing their burden, his eyes dilated with horror.

"I told him he'd be drowned going in by those rocks after dark," said Tom. "He's been there every night lately."

"He is not dead—his head struck a tin can," said the doctor.

"Will it be safe for us to leave him alone?" asked Whitney.

"Safer—for us; he has not had dope enough to hold him long."

The curate left on an early train next morning before anybody was about.

Tom took Whitney into the room vacated by Seton, turned back the head of the mattress and from a slit in the ticking extracted a small box containing a spool of thread, the end of which passed through a hole in the box, then through a crack in the partition into Tom's room. The "rumbling" was produced by pulling the thread so that it unwound rapidly.

"It was like putting an incubator baby in the refrigerator," said Tom, "but foozling disgraces a club. The sure way to stop it is to remove the cause."

How Table Olives Are Prepared.

Our consul at Seville reports that to prepare olives in the most palatable manner they must be gathered unripe after the first autumn showers. Properly assorted according to size and quality, they are first washed in fresh water to remove particles of earth and leaves which usually cling to the fruit. Later they are allowed to soak in a solution of soda and potash, concentrated to between two degrees and six degrees of the Baume aerometer. If the solution be very concentrated eight to ten hours of soaking suffice; if diluted, the operation may continue for three or four days. After the solution has penetrated very nearly to the stone of the fruit, fresh water is substituted and renewed every two hours until it remains clean—a sign that the fruit has lost the caustic flavor which the solution had imparted to it. Next the fruit is pickled according to processes varying in conformity to the custom of each locality. Some use brine, others admix fennel and thyme, while not infrequently also salt and vinegar are employed. In this way whole olives are pickled. Whenever it is desired, on the other hand, that the fruit should imbibe a stronger savor of the pickle into which it is steeped incisions penetrating to the stone are made.—United States Consular Reports.

The Number Forty.

Why this fatalistic forty? The superstition about St. Swithin extends not only to forty days of rain, but to forty days of drought, according as July 15 is wet or dry. Moses was forty days on the mount. Elijah was forty days fed by ravens. It rained forty days to make the flood, and the waters that covered the earth were forty days in subsiding. The ancient period of embalming was forty days. Nineveh had forty days to repent. Jesus Christ fasted forty days. He was seen forty days after his resurrection. A quarantine extends forty days. The privilege of sanctuary was for forty days. In the tale of Ali Baba there are forty thieves. Tiberius said that a man is either a fool or his own physician at forty. When a man wants a short nap he takes forty winks. A knight enjoined forty days of service from his tenant. In old English law the limit for the payment of a fine for manslaughter was forty days. Members of parliament were protected from arrest forty days after the prorogation of the house of commons and another forty days before the house was convened. We usually speak of a buxom widow as fair, fat and forty. A man is in his prime at forty, etc.—New York Press.

The Mulberry Tree.

Silk is the great industry of northern Italy, and the plains of the quadrilateral are dark with mulberry trees. The mulberry tree is the hardest worked piece of timber in the world. First its leaves are skinned off for the worms to feed on, then the little branches are clipped for the worms to nest in, then the large limbs are cropped for charcoal, and the trunk has not only to produce a new crop of leaves and limbs for next year, but must act as trellis for a grapevine.

Sweetheart of "Robin Adair."

"Robin Adair" was written by Lady Caroline Keppel, the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Robin was a real character, a young Irish doctor who had been forced by a scandalous adventure to leave Ireland and seek his fortune in England. Chance threw a rich patient in his way, a lady of quality, and at her house he met Lady Caroline, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her parents objected and sent her away, and during her absence she produced the song.